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SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S LAST TOUR.

Journal of a Tour made in the years 1828, 1829, through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, whilst accompanying the late Sir

Humphry Davy. By Dr. Tobin. Orr. Dr. Tobix, as will appear from the above title, accompanied Sir Humphry Davy on his last continental tour, which he made in search of health, in the years 1828-9; and the present little volume is a brief synopsis of their movements and occupations on the road. We cannot say that there is much to interest the general reader in these pages, not so much even as one might have expected from the companionship of so great a natural philosopher, on such an expedition. Dr. Tobin has carefully noted down the hours of their starting and arriving; of their waking and retiring to rest; of their eating, reading, and fishing; but has not once gratified us with any of Sir Humphry's remarks on the various occurrences or phenomena they met with on the road, which, notwithstanding his illstate of health, must have been numerous. Under these circumstances we cannot but think that the advice was injudicious which induced the publication of these pages, -which "were originally intended for the perusal only of the author's family and immediate friends." To illustrate these remarks we extract one or two of Dr. Tobin's common-place every-day memoranda :---

On his quitting London he says:—"I contented myself with calling upon a few old friends, and taking my seat by Sir Humphry's side, his servant George being on the dicky with his master's favourite pointers; we drove from Park Street on the morning of the 29th of March. We slept that night at Dover, which we left the next morning at half-past nine o'clock, and arrived at Calais about twelve, after a beautiful and calm passage."

At Calais:—"took a walk through the town and borght a pack of cards, which Sir Humphry had begged me to bring that he might teach me the game of ccarté. During my walk I was amused by seeing both old and young dressed in their holiday clothes, playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the open streets. I soon returned; and after we had played a game together, I read aloud some of the 'Tales of the Genii,' and we then retired to rest."

On travelling from Coblentz on the Rhine:—" We changed horses at Boppart, and from thence drove on to St. Goar, where Sir Humphry has determined to stop till to-morrow. After dinner he took a ride along the banks of the river, followed by his servant."

Sir Humphry employed much of his time in fishing, sometimes accompanied by our author; the hours and periods, and results of these expeditions being carefully recorded.

"16th (April.) Sir Humphry did not feel well enough to-day to accompany the fishermen, but desired them to bring him any fish they might catch; they accordingly brought him a schill, the large perch of the Danube, (Percalucio-perca, Block,) of which Sir Humphry begged me to take a drawing. We then dissected it, and afterwards had it dressed for dinner, and both of us thought it very good, and much resembling cod in taste."

"At Ratisbon, Sir Humphry "went to see some fish in a tank, and wished me to accompany him as interpreter."

There are, however, some passages well worthy of perusal in this little volume, of which we extract a few:—

"The drive from Heilbronn to Oehringen is very beautiful, over hill and dale, and from valley to valley through the mountains. The first little village which we passed was Weinsberg, and above it, on a hill covered with vineyards, are the remains of the castle of Weibertreue (Woman's faith.) This spot was the scene of the action celebrated in Bürger's admired ballad, Die Weiber von Weinsberg—The Woman of Weinsberg.

"Wer sagt mir an wo Weinsberg liegt Soll seyn ein wack'res Städtehen," &c. the story of which is founded on the following fact:—

"During the time of the deadly feuds between the houses of Hohenstaufen and Guelph, about the year 1140, Weinsberg was besieged and taken by the emperor Conrad. The town and castle had excited his high displeasure for having afforded an asylum to his enemy Guelph, and he determined to destroy them with fire and sword, and said he would only allow the women to depart, and take any treasure with them.

shuttlecock in the open streets. I soon returned; and after we had played a game together, I read aloud some of the 'Tales of the Genii,' and we then retired to rest."

"At dawn of day the gates of the town were opened, and every woman appeared carrying her husband upon her back. Many of his officers, indignant at thus seeing the enemy's garrison escape, en-

deavoured to persuade the emperor to evade his promise, but Conrad replied, 'an emperor's faith once pledged was not to be broken;' and he granted them a free pardon, and from that time the castle of Weinsberg has borne the name of Weibertreue.

"We did not reach Oehringen till eight o'clock, and then found the only decent inn in the town in great confusion, owing to the exhibition of a cabinet of wax-work, which had attracted all the waiters and chambermaids, so that it was with great difficulty I could obtain even hot water to make our tea."

"25th. We quitted Vöcklabrück at about ten in the morning, not at all to my sorrow; and after a beautiful drive through fine fir woods and lanes, where the hedges were already quite green, we arrived at Gmünden, and beheld a scene which surpasses in magnificence any thing I have ever yet seen. On one side of the hill down which we drove was a wood of tall beeches, the leaves just bursting from the bud; on the lower side, meadows of the most beautiful green sloped down to the town of Gmunden, which seemed to rise out of the bosom of the lake of the same name, or, as it is more generally called, the Traun Lake. Alps, whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on whose rocky heights nothing was seen but the dark black pine, form the banks of this large reservoir of water, in some places descending with precipitous and almost perpendicular steepness into the clear lake, whilst in others they are lost in fine meadows and orchards, with neat wooden cottages peeping through the trees; and on an island in the lake we saw a large château and church, which are joined to the main land by a long wooden bridge. The best inn at Gmünden, the Ship, is close upon the edge of the water, and commands a magnificent view over the whole extent of the lake; and every window being provided with a little cushion, one may enjoy the scene leaning on the window-ill for hours, without any detriment to one's elbows. Gmunden itself is a pretty clean little town at the north end of the lake, exactly on the spot where it empties itself into the river Traun with an impetuous rush, thus dividing the town into two distinct parts, connected by a strong wooden bridge built on piles. On the shores of the lake are many beautiful small villages, now and then seen through the half

green trees, and at about six miles from Gmünden, apparently at the end of the lake, is the town of Traunkirchen, almost lost in distance and haziness. The water of the lake is beautifully clear, and of a deep blue-green colour. After reading to Sir Humphry in the evening, I spent an hour gazing out upon the lake and its alpine shores, partially illuminated by the moon; the more distant snowy summits seemed like detached clouds, resting as it were upon the dark and gloomy masses beneath, which threw their long broad shadows over the silvery bosom of the lake; while every here and there on the surrounding shores, a few twinkling lights, seen between the trees, marked the situation of a village or country house.

"26th. On awaking this morning, I fancied myself on the sea shore, for the first sound I heard was the surge of the waters of the lake, which had been agitated into light waves by a fresh morning breeze. On going to my window the scene formed a striking contrast to that of yesterday evening; the darkness and deep silence of night had disappeared; not a cloud was to be seen, and the brilliant beams of the young sun shone upon numberless boats, flitting with their white sails over the glittering waves; whilst in the street beneath stood motley groups of peasants lounging about, or awaiting the arrival of some boat from the other shore of the lake. Sir Humphry rose early, and immediately after breakfast we went out to the bridge over the Traun, he to fish, whilst I sketched; and staid the whole morning beneath the bridge, on one of the piers close to the rushing stream. The view from this spot is far more extensive than that from the inn windows, as from hence you see quite to the opposite end of the lake, and can discover beyond the promontory, on which stands the town of Traunkirchen, the houses and spires of Ebensee, as white specks against the distant grey mountain; and from hence also are seen to great advantage, far beyond the mountains of the lake, the distant snow-clad summits of the Schneeberg and other of the Styrian Alps. On my return home I found Sir Humphry already there, and that he had caught some fine trout, which proved exceltent. In the evening we had a violent storm, and I read Green's poem on the Spleen, which Sir Humphry does not admire."

" 20th. This being Easter-Monday, Sir Humphry determined to drive out and see the grand illumination of St. Peter's, which takes place annually on this evening. It was indeed one of the grandest sights imaginable, and we were remarkably fortunate in seeing it this year, when it was said to be more magnificent than usual, in honour of the newly elected pope. Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, thousands and thousands

a place in the grand Piazza of St. Peter's. Only the carriages belonging to the cardinals and foreign ambassadors are allowed to pass over that bridge on this evening, all others being obliged to make a considerable detour. At seven o'clock the Piazza is crowded with all sorts of carriages, and upwards of an hundred thousand people. This front of the church, the cupola, and two smaller domes, are seen illuminated with innumerable small paper lanterns, fixed at regular distances. This lasts till nearly eight, and in the meanwhile the mass of the people in the Piazza are loud in their expression of joy and expectation; but as the hour of eight approaches all becomes still and hushed, and only a half-breathed solitary adess', adesso, is now and then heard. With the first stroke of the clock, the great bell of St. Peter's sounds one. All eyes turn instantly to the cross on the top of the cupola, from out of which a magnificent column of flame is seen suddenly to burst. A second stroke upon the great bell, and the fire is seen descending with the rapidity of lightning over the cupola and the other parts of the church. The bell strikes for a third and last time, and the two magnificent semicircular colonades which surround the Piazza, are beheld in a blaze of illumination. The whole is the work of three or four seconds, and so great is the light produced, that of the former illumination not a trace is visible. This lasted for about half an hour, when the lights faded away, and the crowd began to disperse.

"21st. This day was celebrated by a magnificent display of fireworks, which the Italians call la Girandola, on the Mausoleum of Hadrian. They are announced by the explosion of a tremendous maroon, which seems to shake Rome to her centre; this is followed by the eruption of Vesuvius, formed by thousands of rockets, which rise at the same moment, and give to a person who has not witnessed an eruption, a terrific idea of that phenomenon. After this follow all kinds of fireworks of the most brilliant description, the whole fort is seen illuminated, and on the top appears the name of the Pope in gigantic flaming letters; suns and stars are seen bursting from the dense clouds of smoke which hang heavy in the air, and the scene closes by another eruption of Vesuvius, which throws a red and fiery glare upon the neighbouring cupola of St. Peter's."

Our last extract is of a melancholy character, relating the death of Sir Humphry Davy, at Geneva:-

"29th May. I quitted Sir Humphry yesterday evening, after having read to him as usual, since we left Rome, till about ten o'clock. Our book was Smollet's "Humphry Clinker," and little did I think it was the last book he would ever crowd over the Ponte St. Angelo to gain listen to. He seemed in tolerable spirits, I viewer has carefully to avoid, -that of en-

but upon going to bed was seized with spasms, which, however, were not violent, and soon ceased. I left him when in bed, and bidding me "good night," he said I should see him better in the morn-

", Lady Davy and the Doctor also quitted him, and George went to bed in his master's room, as he always had done since Sir Humphry's illness at Rome. At six o'clock this morning, Lady Davy's man-servant came to my room, and told me that Sir Humphry Davy was no more. I replied that it was impossible, and that he probably only lay in a torpor; but I went down to his room instantly, when I found that the servant's words were, alas! but too true. I asked George why he had not called me, when he said that he had sent up, but now found that it had been to a wrong room. He told me that Sir Humphry went to sleep after we had left him, but that he had twice waked, and that at half-past one, hearing him get out of bed, he went to him, when Sir Humphry said he did not want his assistance, and poured some solution of acetate of morphine into a wine-glass of water; but this still remained untouched upon the table. George then helped him into bed, where he says he lay quite still till a little after two o'clock, when hearing him groan, he went to him, and found that he was senseless and expiring. He instantly called up Lady Davy and the Doctor, and sent up, as he believed, to me; but Sir Humphry, he says, never spoke again, and expired without a sigh.

"I had so often, whilst at Rome, seen Sir Humphry lie for hours together in a state of torpor, and to all appearance dead, that it was difficult for me to persuade myself of the truth; but the delusion at length vanished, and it became too evident that all that remained before me of this great philosopher, was merely the cold and senseless frame with which he had worked."

Divesting Dr. Tobin's little volume of the few particulars relating to the great philosopher in whose company he travelled, we think it might be used as an agreeable travelling companion in the route it describes; as a fire-side book it will not be found sufficiently entertaining.

"MINOR" POETRY.

The Last of the Sophis: a Poem. By C. F. Henningsen, a Minor. Longman and

THE word "minor," on this title-page, is, we presume, intended to bespeak the indulgence of the general reader, and, consequently, must appeal with double force to the mercy of the critic. Undue severity has often nipped in the bud the aspirings of early genius, and cold neglect caused them to wither in obscurity; yet there is another extreme which the re-

couraging a young author to persevere in pursuits neither adapted to his talents nor the public taste. Good poetry is a great rarity now a-days, and we question whether the best would have justice done it, in the present state of the literary world. The poem before us, therefore, stands no chance;—it is a mere imitation of Byron; in which bad taste is conspicuous throughout,—there being scarcely a page without some grammatical error. The notes, however, as also the argument and introduction, are well-written, and evince that the author, (as is often the case,) has mistaken his own abilities. Prose is his forte, and we advise him, very sincerely, to stick to that, not doubting that it will procure him far higher renown than he is likely to gain by "The Last of the So-

"Mandano, last of the royal line of Sophi, or Sephi, being driven from Persia by the usurper Nadir, takes refuge among the Daghistan Tartars, attains a high rank

The argument runs thus:—

in their tribe, and becomes enamoured of Zuleyda, the daughter of the chief. Nadir, or Kouli-Khan, having conquered the rest of Asia, turns his arms against the hordes of Daghistan; and the council think it more prudent to defer Mandano's marriage with Zuleyda, until he shall

have proved his fidelity to them against his invading countrymen. A Dervise, of the sect of Ali, old and infirm, seeks refuge with him, from the persecution of the Persian tyrant; which is readily granted.

"At sunset, in the garden of a kiosque, Zuleyda is to meet her lover, and the Dervise, availing himself of the opportunity, comes to offer her the magic flowers his art has drawn from other regious; but on perceiving the Persian prince hastening to the rendezvous, throwing aside his disguise, he bears her to a steed, which is concealed in the brushwood, and flies—pursuit and death of Zerda—advance of the Persian army unopposed through the desert, until a guide offering to conduct them to the retreat of the Tartars, they take their way through the passes of Assan-treachery of the guideambuscade of the Tartars, and destruction of the army—the Sophi pursues a band retreating to the shore, and hears the shrieks of his betrothed bride, above the din of carnage—the line of the fugitives is broken, and Mandano beholds her in the arms of her ravisher-but the Dervise, unable to retain his prize longer, leaves her a corpse in the arms of the conqueror. At that moment the guards close around him, proclaiming him aloud the Khan of Persia—the Sophi pursues the murderer across the desert, but in vain-a fever keeps him several days confined in a solitary cavern—taking a solemn vow of vengeance, he enters his na-

over a mountain he perceives a train encircling its base, and his eye distinguishes at a distance the usurper of Persia—he seeks him when awaiting alone the beasts of the forest—they meet—the skill of Mandano prevails, his adversary is slain, and he flies-his steed dies from fatigue on the way, but he gains the scene of his misfortune—the tribe had removed further northward—he finds the solitary cell of a hermit—his tale—his sorrows, and the conclusion."

We take one specimen from the notes, already alluded to:-

" 'Thus on it lured, as serpent's gaze, With magic centred in its rays, Can draw the birds on which it preys.'

" Naturalists pretend that the birds drop as if enchanted at the very gaze of the serpent, either by the fascinating power of his eye, or the infection of his breath. However this may have been contradicted, it is far from impossible; if we observe for instance, a cat, after taking a common mouse, at play with her little trembling captive; although apparently unhurt, how she leaves it at four or five feet distance, at the same time gazing intently on her prey, but if Minette for an instant avert her eyes, the little animal again attempts its escape, to be again retaken. Probably terror is the cause of this. It is said, that man looking steadfastly on the most ferocious animal, it will be so awe struck as to be prevented attempting the slightest harm: this I have often witnessed myself, with regard to dogs and bulls; and once a tiger, who flew violently against the bars of his cage when any one approached, but remained motionless when the eyes of any person of the company were fixed upon his, and skulked back to the furthermost extremity of his den."

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

History of the Italian Republics. By J C. L. De Sismondi. Longman and Co.

It grieves us to be obliged to find fault with those whose professions are for the general good, and whose labours and industry, at least, are laudable. Yet we must say that we cannot approve of the plan, or rather no-plan on which the above series has been hitherto conducted. It is true that a "Cyclopædia" is a word of wide and comprehensive value,—there being scarcely a branch of useful or polite learning, or elegant accomplishment that might not be included within the illimitable bounds of its first definition:-"a circle of knowledge." Yet a circle, to whatever extent you carry it, is still a circle, with a centre of gyration of its own,-and not a chaos; and it was Dr. Lardner's business, as editor of this Cyclotive country—his feelings on retracing pædia, or "circle of knowledge," to fix the scenes of his infancy—on his road the position and extent of, and otherwise

to describe that circle in which he intended his instruction to revolve. Now Euclid only allows us to do this when our centre and radius are determined; but was Dr. Lardner so prepared when he proposed his circle of sciences? We think not. Else why did he not begin with the foundation stone, the first principles of all knowledge,—the simplest truths in natural philosophy,—the simplest operations in art? These surely are the central points of attraction round which the wider branches of knowledge should have been made to revolve, and from which even those very branches in the ordinary course of events should have severally sprung.

Instead of this, how did Dr. Lardner set about describing his "circle of knowledge?"-by publishing a "History of Scotland, in two volumes, by Sir Walter Scott!" And what have been the subsequent features of his undertaking? a History of France,—a History of Poland,—a Dissertation on the Manufacture of Iron, and the Manufacture of Silk, -an Account of British Military Commanders,—then a Treatise on Optics,—and one on Hydrostatics,—and now, a History of the Italian Republics,—all very good and useful books in their way, but certainly not of general importance or weight sufficient to open "a course of the sciences," which is Johnson's other definition of cyclopædia.

Another question presents itself, which the purchasers of these volumes will doubtless one day or other be anxious to have answered. To leave undisputed "the order of their coming,"-when will their ranks be filled, when will the Cyclopædia be complete? It is true that a circle hath "no end," yet hath it capacity; and though the "squaring of the circle" is still a point of mathematical dispute, certain it is that both the circumference and the capacity of every such figure must one time or another find their limit. When will Dr. Lardner's circle of volumes be fulfilled, his "course of science" run? We leave Time, the finisher of all things, to answer

the question. The volume before us is one of great industry and research; it is hardly to be called a compilation, for the materials of which it has been composed appear to have been so long and thoroughly digested, as to come forth imbued with all the beauty and ease of original conceptions, and thoroughly moulded to the author's peculiar frame of opinion. It is very commonly allowed, that to write a little, (that is, briefly,) you must have read a great deal; and this case is well illustrated by Mr. Sismondi, who has evidently read and thought both long and maturely on his subject, and so produced an admirable synopsis of Italian history. With all his brevity, however, Mr. Sismondi finds room for the pretty frequent exposition of his notions on various political points, which he effects with fairness and perspicuity. Mr. Sismondi is a liberal, and a republican,-yet, strange paradox! a venerator of "ancient institutions" and things as they were; -looking back with enthusiastic adoration upon the former glories of Italian republicanism, and wishing that such days might come again. In this view of the case we cannot agree with Mr. Sismondi, who, we think, has suffered his imagination to outrun the clear limits of the fact. True, the present state of Italy is one of abject slavery and misery; true that might holds the iron hand of tyranny over right; -yet, was it not always so, even in the sunny days, when liberty was the war-cry, and freedom the pass-word for which freemen fought and bled, and tyrannized and suffered tyranny? What is there more terrible in the yoke with which despotism now binds the land, than in the petty feuds and persecutions which in former days each little state of freemen vented upon the other? We are not arguing against a change, we rather devoutly wish to see a reformation in all things, but let us not, to use a homely phrase, "jump out of the fryingpan into the fire." With this preamble we extract our author's view of the present state of his unhappy country, together with the steps by which it arrived at such condition:-

"When Charles VIII. entered Naples with his victorious army, on the 22d of February, 1495, and overthrew the ancient system of Italian politics, he gave the signal for all the calamities which afterwards precipitated the Peninsula under the yoke of the Transalpine nations. The Italians continued to regard themselves as the first people in Europe, but they had almost everywhere lost their liberty: of the five republics which they could still reckon, four were narrow aristocracies. When Napoleon Buonaparte was appointed to the command of the French army, on the 23d February, 1796, he began to effect a regeneration, which gave to the Italian nation more liberty than it had lost. It is the participation of numbers in the government, and not the name of republic as opposed to monarchy, that constitutes liberty: it is above all the reign of the laws; publicity in the administration, as well as the tribunals; equality; the removal of all shackles on thought, on education, and on religion. Five millions and a half of inhabitants, in the kingdom of Italy, were put in possession of a constitution which secured to them all these advantages, with a participation in the legislature, and in the vote of taxes. They had recovered the glorious name of Italians; they had a national army, the bravery of which rendered it daily more illustrious. Six millions and a half of inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples received institutions, less advanced, it is true, but even there the law had suc-

ceeded arbitrary power; public and oral evidence had succeeded secret information and the torture; equality, the feudal system; education, instead of retrograding, had been rendered progressive, and thought, as well as religious conscience, had recovered freedom: finally, 2,000,000 of Piedmontese, 500,000 Genoese, 500,000 Parmesans, and 2,500,000 Tuscans and Romans—in all, 5,500,000 Italians—were temporarily united to France. They partook of all the privileges of the conquerors; they became, with them, accustomed to the dominion of the law, to freedom of thought, and to military virtue, secure that at no very distant period, when their political education should be accomplished, they would again be incorporated in that Italy, to the future liberty and glory of which they now directed their every thought.

"Such was the work which the French accomplished by twenty years of victory: it was doubtless incomplete, and left much to be desired; but it possessed in itself the principle of greater advancement: it promised to revive Italy, liberty, virtue, and glory. It has been the work of the coalition to destroy all; to place Italy again under the galling yoke of Austria; to take from her, with political liberty, civil and religious freedom, and even freedom of thought: to corrupt her morals; and to heap upon her the utmost degree of humiliation. Italy is unanimous in abhorring this ignominious yoke: Italy, to break it, has done all that could be expected of her. In a struggle between an established government and a nation, the former has all the advantages: it has in its favour rapidity of communication, certainty of information, soldiers, arsenals, fortresses, and finances. The people have only their unarmed hands, and their masses unaccustomed to act together: nevertheless, in every struggle during these fifteen years in Italy, between the nation and its oppressors, the victory has remained with the people, At Naples, in Sicily, in Piedmont, in the states of the church, at Modena and Parma, unarmed masses have seized the arms of the soldiers; men chosen by the people have taken the places of the despots in their palaces. The Italians, everywhere victorious over their own tyrants, have, it is true, been everywhere forced back under the voke with redoubled cruelty by the league of foreign despots. Attacked before they could have given themselves a government, or formed a treasury, arsenals, or an army, by the sovereign of another nation, who reckons not less than 30,000,000 of subjects, they did not attempt a hopeless resistance, which would have deprived them of every chance for the future. Let those who demand more of them begin by doing as much themselves. Italy is crushed; but her heart still beats with the love of liberty, virtue, and glory; she is chained and covered with blood; but she still knows her strength and future destiny: she is insulted by those for whom she has opened the way to every improvement; but she feels that she is formed to take the lead again: and Europe will know no repose till the nation which, in the dark ages, lighted the torch of civilization with that of liberty, shall be enabled to enjoy the light which she created.

"So long as habits of liberty are preserved amongst a whole people; so long as every class has an equal horror of slavery; a sudden explosion of the sentiment which fills every heart suffices to accomplish a revolution—to render vain the efforts of usurpers, or to overthrow a recent tyranny, though at the moment it may have succeeded in establishing itself. The despot, even when he has silenced by the terror of the people whom he has oppressed and disarmed, always feels at war with them; he has too much to fear from every class, to hope, with any chance of success, to attach any of them to his cause. But when absolute power has been established long enough for the violence of its first origin to be forgotten; when the majority of men in the prime of life have been born under its yoke, and have never known a better state: the usurper finds himself supported by the inert part of the nation-by those who, incapable of thinking, or of investigating for themselves, must be contented with borrowed ideas, and with blindly assenting to every doctrine which the government may promulge. With the loss of liberty is lost also that free and animated intercourse which warms the soul, and diffuses noble sentiments even among classes unenlightened by the knowledge of the past, or by the experience of foreign nations. In slavish countries, the prince alone speaks, amidst universal silence: he dictates the proclamations of authorities, the sentences of the tribunals; he even inspires the language to be uttered from the pulpit or the confessional: because the disposal of the revenue is at his will; he appears as a dispensing providence, and makes the people believe he gives all that he does not take from them. The indigent are grateful to him for the public charities; the labourer, for the justice and police which protect his property. The populace of towns applaud the rigour which falls on the higher classes. The national pride takes offence at the foreigner who expresses his pity for an unhappy and ill-governed people; and the vanity of the vulgar is interested in the support of what exists. If any memory of the period of liberty is preserved amongst the ignorant classes, it only refers to unhappiness and pain. They have heard of the efforts, the sacrifices, made by their fathers in defence of the people's rights; but they see only the evils of the struggle, while the result, because it is not of a material nature, escapes their imagination. They conclude that bread was as dear, and labour as painful, in the days of liberty as in their times; and to the privations they endure were then added dangers and violent catastrophes, of which fathers transmitted to their children some terrible details. Slavery, it is said, so debases man as to make him love it; and experience confirms the maxim. Nations everywhere appear attached to its government in proportion to its imperfections; what is most vicious in institutions is everywhere most liked; and the most obstinate resistance is that which the people oppose to their moral advancement."

Our next extract is a curious picture of fanaticism in the fifteenth century. Savonarola, a dominican, was at that time (1497) engaged in preaching against the abuses of the Papal church, when "the rivalry encouraged by the court of Rome between the religious orders, soon procured the Pope champions" eager to combat the aggressor:—

"Friar Mariano di Ghinazzano signalized himself by his zeal in opposing Savonarola: he presented to the pope, Friar Francis of Apulia, of the order of minor observantines, who was sent to Florence to preach against the Florentine monk, in the church of Santa Croce. This preacher declared to his audience, that he knew Savonarola pretended to support his doctrine by a miracle. 'For me,' said he, 'I am a sinner; I have not the presumption to perform miracles; nevertheless, let a fire be lighted, and I am ready to enter it with him. I am certain of perishing, but Christian charity teaches me not to withhold my life, if in sacrificing it I might precipitate into hell a heresiarch, who has already drawn into it so many souls.' This strange proposition was rejected by Savonarola; but his friend and disciple, Friar Dominic Buonvicino, eagerly accepted it. Francis of Apulia declared that he would risk his life against Savonarola only. Meanwhile, a crowd of monks, of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, rivalled each other in their offers to prove by the ordeal of fire, on one side the truth, on the other the falsehood, of the new doctrine. Enthusiasm spread beyond the two convents; many priests and seculars, and even women and children, more especially on the side of Savonarola, earnestly requested to be admitted to the proof. The pope warmly testified his gratitude to the Franciscans for their devotion. The signoria of Florence consented that two monks only should devote themselves for their respective orders, and directed the pile to be prepared. The whole population of the town and country, to which a signal miracle was promised, received the announcement with transports of joy.

"On the 17th of April, 1498, a scaffold,

dreadful to look on, was erected in the public square of Florence. Two piles of large pieces of wood, mixed with faggots and broom which should quickly take fire, extended each eighty feet long, four feet thick, and five feet high; they were separated by a narrow space of two feet, to serve as a passage by which the two priests were to enter and pass the whole length of the piles during the fire. Every window was full; every roof was covered with spectators—almost the whole population of the republic was collected round the place. The portico called the Loggia de' Lanzi, divided in two by a partition, was assigned to the two orders of monks. The Dominicans arrived at their station chaunting canticles, and bearing the holy sacrament. The Franciscans immediately declared that they would not permit the host to be carried amidst flames. They insisted that the Friar Buonvicino should enter the fire, as their own champion was prepared to do, without this divine safeguard. The Dominicans answered, that 'they would not separate themselves from their god at the moment when they implored his aid.' The dispute upon this point grew warm-several hours passed away—the multitude, which had waited long, and begun to feel hunger and thirst, lost patience—a deluge of rain suddenly fell upon the city, and descended in torrents from the roofs of the houses-all present were drenched. The piles were so wet that they could no longer be lighted; and the crowd, disappointed of a miracle so impatiently looked for, separated with the notion of having been unworthily trifled with. Savonarola lost all his credit; he was henceforth rather looked on as an impostor. Next day his convent was besieged by the Arabbiati, eager to profit by the inconstancy of the multitude: he was arrested with his two friends, Domenico Buonvicino and Silvestro Marruffi, and led to prison. The Piagnoni, his partisans, were exposed to every outrage from the populace-two of them were killed; their rivals and old enemies exciting the general ferment for their destruction. Even in the signoria, the majority was against them, and yielded to the pressing demands of the pope. The three imprisoned monks were subjected to a criminal prosecution. Alexander VI. despatched judges from Rome, with orders to condemn the accused to death. Conformably with the laws of the church, the trial opened with the torture. Savonarola was too weak and nervous to support it; he avowed in his agony all that was imputed to him; and, with his two disciples, was condemned to death. The three monks were burnt alive, on the 23d of May, 1498, in the same square where, six weeks before, a pile had been raised to prepare them a triumph."

Mr. Sismondi has already been favourably known to the world by his more

elaborate work in sixteen volumes; the present little publication, on the same subject, which he informs us is not an abridgment of his great work, but "an entirely new history," we cordially recommend to the perusal of our friends.

PROSE WORKS OF SOUTHEY.

Selections from the Prose Works of Robert Southey, Esq. L.L.D. Moxon.

HERE is a companion volume to the Poetical Extracts from Southey, which we mentioned some weeks ago. We cannot too highly recommend this system of selection when carried into effect with judgment and taste, and confined within moderate limits. Having read through the greater part of this volume, we have been so pleased with the recognition of several old friends, that we are sure our readers will excuse us, in the absence of novelty more interesting, for translating one or two of these pieces to our pages. The following is one of the Letters of Espriella, supposed to be a Spaniard visiting this country, and reporting on its manners and customs:-

"The dress of Englishmen wants that variety which renders the figures of our scenery so picturesque. You might think, from walking the streets of London, that there were no ministers of religion in the country; J - smiled at the remark, and told me that some of the dignified clergy wore silk aprons; but these are rarely seen, and they are more generally known by a huge and hideous wig, once considered to be as necessary a covering for a learned head as an ivy bush is for an owl, but which even physicians have now discarded, and left only to schoolmasters and doctors in divinity. There is, too, this remarkable difference between the costume of England and of Spain, that here the national dress is altogether devoid of grace, and it is only modern fashions which have improved it: in Spain, on the contrary, nothing can be more graceful than the dresses both of the clergy and peasantry, which have from time immemorial remained unchanged; while our better ranks clothe themselves in a worse taste, because they imitate the apery of other nations. What I say of their costume applies wholly to that of the men; the dress of English women is perfect, as far as it goes; it leaves nothing to be wished, except that there should be a little more of it.

"The most singular figures in the streets of this metropolis are the men who are employed in carrying the earth-coal, which they remove from the barge to the waggon, and again from the waggon to the house, upon their backs. The back of the coat, therefore, is as well quilted as the cotton breastplate of our soldiers in America in old times; and to protect it still more, the broad flap of the hat lies

flat upon the shoulders. The head consequently seems to bend unusually forward, and the whole figure has the appearance of having been bowed beneath habitual burthens. The lower classes, with this exception, if they do not wear the cast clothes of the higher ranks, have them in the same form. The postmen all wear the royal livery, which is scarlet and gold; they hurry through the streets, and cross from side to side with indefatigable rapidity. The English doors have knockers instead of bells, and there is an advantage in this which you would not immediately perceive. The bell, by whomsoever it be pulled, must always give the same sound; but the knocker may be so handled as to explain who plays upon it, and accordingly it has its systematic set of signals. The postman comes with two loud and rapid raps, such as no person but himself ever gives. One very loud one marks the newsman. A single knock of less vehemence denotes a servant or other messenger. Visitors give three or four. Footmen or coachmen always more than their masters; and the master of every family has usually his particular touch, which is immediately recognised.

"Every shop has an inscription above it, expressing the name of its owner, and that of his predecessor, if the business has been so long established as to derive a certain degree of respectability from time. Cheap Warehouse is sometimes added; and if the tradesman has the honour to serve any one of the royal family, this is also mentioned, and the royal arms in a style of expensive carving are affixed over the door. These inscriptions in large gilt letters, shaped with the greatest nicety, form a peculiar feature in the streets of London. In former times all the shops had large signs suspended before them, such as are still used at inns in the country; these have long since disappeared; but in a few instances, where the shop is of such long standing that it is still known by the name of its old insignia, a small picture still preserves the sign, placed instead of one of the window panes.

"If I were to pass the remainder of my life in London, I think the shops would always continue to amuse me. Something extraordinary or beautiful is for ever to be seen in them. I saw, the other day, a sturgeon, above two varas in length, hanging at a fishmonger's. In one window you see the most exquisite lamps of alabaster, to shed a pearly light in the bedchamber; or formed of cut glass, to glitter like diamonds in the drawing-room; in another, a convex mirror reflects the whole picture of the street, with all its moving swarms, or you start from your own face, magnified to the proportion of a giant's. Here a painted piece of beef swings in a roaster, to exhibit the machine which turns it; here you have a collection of

worms from the human intestines, curiously bottled, and every bottle with a label stating to whom the worm belonged, and testifying that the party was relieved from it by virtue of the medicine which is sold within. At one door stands a little Scotchman taking snuff; in one window a little gentleman with his coat puckered up in folds, and the folds filled with water to show that it is proof against wet. Here you have cages full of birds of every kind, and on the upper story live peacocks are spreading their fans; another window displays the rarest birds and beasts stuffed, and in glass cases; in another you have every sort of artificial fly for the angler, and another is full of busts painted to the life, with glass eyes, and dressed in full fashion, to exhibit the wigs which are made within, in the very newest and most approved taste. And thus is there a perpetual exhibition of whatever is curious in nature or art, exquisite in workmanship, or singular in costume; and the display is perpetually varying, as the ingenuity of trade, and the absurdity of fashion, are ever producing something new.

"Yesterday, I was amused by a spectacle which you will think better adapted to wild African negroes than to so refined a people as the English. Three or four boys of different ages were dancing in the street; their clothes seemed as if they had been dragged through the chimney, as indeed had been the case, and these sooty habiliments were bedecked with pieces of foil, and with ribbons of all gay colours, flying like streamers in every direction as they whisked round. Their sooty faces were reddened with rose pink, and in the middle of each cheek was a patch of gold leaf; the hair was frizzed out, and as white as powder could make it, and they wore an old hat cocked for the occasion, and in like manner ornamented with ribbons, and foil, and flowers. In this array were they dancing through the streets, clapping a wooden plate, frightening the horses by their noise, and still more by their strange appearance, and soliciting money from all whom they

"The first days of May are the Saturnalia of these people,-a wretched class of men, who exist in no other country than England, and it is devoutly to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, will not long continue to exist there. The soot of the earth-coal, which, though formerly used by only the lower classes, is now the fuel of rich and poor alike, accumulates rapidly in the chimneys; and instead of removing it by firing a gun up, or dragging up a bush, as is sometimes practised in the country, and must have been in former times the custom everywhere, they send men up to sweep it away with a brush. These passages are not unfrequently so crooked and so narrow, that none but little children can crawl up them;

and you may imagine that cruel threats and cruel usuage must both be employed before a child can be forced to ascend places so dark, so frightful, and so dan-

" No objects can be more deplorable than these poor children. You meet them with a brush in the hand, a bag upon the shoulders, and a sort of woollen cap, or rather bandage swathed round the head; their skin, and all their accoutrements, equally ingrained with soot, every part being black except the white of the eyes and the teeth, which the soot keeps beautifully clean. Their way of life produces another more remarkable and more melancholy effect; they are subject to a dangerous species of hydrocele, which is peculiar to them, and which is therefore called the chimney-sweeper's disease.

"The festival of these poor people commences on May-day; it was perhaps the day of their patron saint, in times of yore, before the whole hierarchy of saints and angels were proscribed in England by the levelling spirit of a diabolical heresy. They go about in parties of four or five, in the grotesque manner which I have described. A more extraordinary figure is sometimes in company, whom they call Jack-in-the-bush; as the name indicates, nothing but bush is to be seen, except the feet which dance under it. The man stands in a frame work, which is supported upon his shoulders, and is completely covered with the boughs of a thick and short-branched shrub; the heat must be intolerable, but he gets paid for his day's purgatory, and the English will do anything for money. The savages of Virginia had such a personage in one of their religious dances, and indeed the custom is quite in savage taste.

" May-day is one of the most general holidays in England. High poles, as tall as the mast of a merchant ship are erected in every village, and hung with garlands composed of all field flowers, but chiefly of one which is called the cowslip; each has its King and Queen of the May, chosen from among the children of the peasantry, who are tricked out as fantastically as the London chimney-sweepers; but health and cleanliness give them a very different appearance. Their table is spread under the May-pole; their playmates beg with a plate, as our children for the little altar which they have drest for their saint upon his festival, and all dance round the pole hand in hand.

"Without doubt, these sports were once connected with religion. It is the peculiar character of the true religion to sanctify what is innocent, and make even merriment meritorious; and it is as peculiarly the character of Calvinism to divest piety of all cheerfulness, and cheerfulness of all piety, as if they could not co-exist; and to introduce a graceless and joyless system of manners suitable to a faith which makes

the heresy of Manes appear reasonable. He admitted that the evil principle was weaker than the good one, but in the mythology of Calvin there is no good one to be found."

Our next is from the History of the Peninsular War:—

BATTLE OF CORUNA-SIR JOHN MOORE.

" Never was any battle gained under heavier disadvantages. The French force exceeded 20,000 men, the British were not 15,000. The superiority in artillery was equally great: the enemy had met Euglish guns on the way, sent off, thus late, to the patriotic armies, and these they had turned back, and employed against the English. Our artillery was embarked; and the Shrapnell shells, which contributed so materially to the success at Vimeiro, were not used in this more perilous engagement. If the moral and physical state of the two armies be considered, the disadvantages under which our soldiers laboured were still greater: the French, equipped in the stores which they had overtaken upon the road, elated with a pursuit wherein no man had been forced beyond his strength, and hourly receiving reinforcements to their already superior numbers;—the English, in a state of misery, to which no army, perhaps, had ever before been reduced till after a total defeat; having lost their military chest, their stores, their baggage, their horses, their women and children, their sick, their wounded, their stragglers, every thing but their innate, excellent, unconquerable courage. From 6000 to 7000 men had sunk under the fatigues of their precipitate retreat. The loss in the battle did not amount to 800; that of the French is believed to have exceeded 2000. If such a victory was gained by the British army under such circumstances, what might not have been achieved by that army when unbroken, with all its means at hand, in health and strength, in its pride, and in its height of hope!

"The general lived to hear that the battle was won. 'Are the French beaten?' was the question which he repeated to every one who came into his apartment; and he expressed how great a satisfaction it was to him to know that they were defeated. 'I hope,' he said, 'the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice.' Then, addressing Colonel Anderson, who had been his friend and companion in arms for one-and-twenty years, he said to him-'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can: tell them every thing; -- say to my mother'-But here his voice failed, he became excessively agitated, and did not again venture to name her. Sometimes he asked to be placed in an easier posture. 'I feel myself so strong,' he said, 'I fear I shall be

long dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain.' But, after a while, he pressed Anderson's hand close to his body, and, in a few minutes, died without a struggle. He fell, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory. No man was more beloved in private life, nor was there any general in the British army so universally respected. All men had thought him worthy of the chief command. Had he been less circumspect, had he looked more ardently forward, and less anxiously around him, and on all sides, and behind, —had he been more confident in himself and in his army, and impressed with less respect for the French generals, he would have been more equal to the difficulties of his situation. Despondency was the radical weakness of his mind. Personally he was as brave a man as ever met death in the field; but he wanted faith in British courage, and it is faith by which miracles are wrought in war as well as in religion. But let it ever be remembered with gratitude, that, when some of his general officers advised him to conclude the retreat by a capitulation, Sir John Moore preserved the honour of England.

"He had often said that, if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Coruna. grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and they feared that, if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.

All Mr. Southey's writings, which are unusually voluminous and various, have contributed, more or less, to this little volume, which is, therefore, one of great interest and value.

Caractucus: a Metrical Sketch. In Twelve Parts. Kidd.

The general character of these poems is vigorous and original in conception, clothed in the additional vigour which simplicity of language never fails to afford. The author should be made aware, however, that simplicity itself may be carried to an extreme equally fatal to poetic beauty, as complexity and extravagance are to sense. Poetry should indeed be clear and flowing, like the mountain stream, but like it too, as it winds amid the flowers of the bankside, its murmurings should be musical, and its wanderings timed and tied with something of dignity and regularity; otherwise the

mountain stream becomes a mere mill-canal, and poetry lengthens into prose. This is unfortunately the case, too often, with these "metrical sketches;"—we have now a passage of great power and beauty, followed by a long string of loosely-connected lines, (à la Don Juan style of prosody,) only to be distinguished from prose by the capitals with which they open. For instance:—there are some fine lines in the very opening of the first part, entitled the "Druid Sacrifice."

"On Mona's isle the bardic song was raised: Harmoniously the sacred anthem rose, From earth in supplication unto Heaven, For Albion's weat! From harp and pipe and shell

Wild music floated through the forest grove: Softer than Lydian—sweet as Loxian measures.

The weak notes chimed upon the tuneful waters,

The louder tones, voluminously full, Swept grandly o'er the plain—and rolled With heavy cadence down the long steep vales.

Far echoing o'er the sylvan scene-till hushed

In the Gep howl of the advancing wave, That came in the Atlantic's pride and strength!"

Then, skipping ten lines, we have a slight specimen of random prose:—

'It was a solemn festival of Druids,
At which the aged sires of Britain sate,
In holy conclave, brooding o'er their wrongs,
And asking help—and supplicating yen-

And asking help—and supplicating vengeance
On their oppressors. There were present

Princes and people from the different parts
Innumerous. Far round the sacred isle
The sea was thronged with the swarming
barks

That brought the myriads."

In the fourth part, however, the "Camp." we have some lines which show our author's capabilities in the more scientific style. The Silurian chief, addressing his chiefs, says:—

"Twas my volition to have shunned the

And, as the wheel of-time's primordial gy-

Unceasingly bears all things on

With a perpetual change, would I have still Held my strong purpose firm; so should the foe,

Viewing before him universal sameness, Experience ever asting reverse And change."

The volume concludes with a kind of dramatic dialogue, "Caractacus in Rome," which is cleverly kept up, and gives us the following, amongst other spirited passages:—

" CLAUDIUS CÆSAR,
" We respect your courage.

"It hath awed you:
You say it is your wish to give us fieedom—
To civilise us—to protect us. We say,

'Tis to enslave our bodies and debase our minds.

You would subvert our altars and reform Our laws. The faith we follow was Our great forefathers' creed; then why should we

Renounce it? Freedom is the gift of Heaven, Our immemorial and eternal charter! Our laws were framed while Memory yet was young,

Their birth coeval with Tradition's infancy: May these our laws, long by our ancestors observed,

Be still the sacred guardians of our rights—
Be still the rules that measure every act—
Be still by our obedience honoured—
May after-ages champion their cause!
Our freedom, faith, and laws are fixed,
Firmly and surely implanted in our soil,
Where they luxuriate in perpetual summer!"

Another noble speech of Caractacus:—
"Ask what is valour:—Tell your minions,
It is an inborn virtue of the soul;
It is a pulse that dilates only in
The good man's breast; and therefore he who is

Not truly good can not be truly brave.
'Tis not the heated impulse of a moment
That spurs the arm to some rash deed,
That thought more cool would have avoided.
Temerity is an o'erbearing tyrant,
Who sits, usurper-like, on Valour's throne,
With frantic eye that carries empty threats;
A boiling ocean that will turn to ice.
But Valour is no change!ing; where she

She is—and there she ever will be found, The constant index of an honest mind. This is the charm that leads us to the field Equal in wolf-skins to a mailed foe."

These specimens are sufficient to prove the author of these pages to be a poet with sense and feeling, of no ordinary quality. In other days he might have made them a source both of honour and profit; as it is, the latter is hopeless, and the former even a doubtful speculation.

A Numismatic Manual; or, Guide to the Study of Greek, Roman, and English Coins; with Plates from the Originals. By John G. Akerman. E. Wilson.

This is chiefly a compilation from Pinkerton and other writers on the same subject; what little original matter there is, being more likely to mislead the antiquarian than afford him any useful information. The author, in speaking of the Greek coins at page 2, mentions those of the Arsacidæ, or Parthian kings, as the finest specimens of Greek art, while every collector knows them to be very inferior to others. Again, those of Lysimachus, and the Ptolomies, instead of being inferior in beauty and workmanship to those of Alexander, are far superior. should conclude the author had never seen a complete series of the Roman Denarii in silver; when he considers that Pinkerton meant those in copper, from Augustus to Hadrian, to be the finest of

the Roman coins. Pinkerton meant as he wrote, and in stating those from Augustus to Hadrian to be so, of course included both silver and copper. The lithographic fac-similes which the author has given in illustration of his Manual, are of a very inferior description, and tend little to convey that beauty of work so justly admired in the ancient Greek and Roman artists. Not only are the specimens badly lithographed, but they are badly selected from the coins of an inferior description.

Surely, if the author had not the opportunity of consulting private collections, that contained in the British Museum was available to him for the prosecution of his inquiries.

Poetry.

CONSUMPTION: A SKETCH.

OH, gaze on yonder couch of wo, Where tears from fading beauty flow; The tears of love, and not of fear, That even angels might revere,-So bright the stream, so pure the source Which ever feeds affection's course. That little spot of crimson hue, Like isle upon the waters blue, When summer sunset's parting smile Just plays upon its banks awhile-That little spot of hectic bloom Too sure foretels its victim's doom: No power, no art of man, can save This flower of beauty from the grave;-For ere its budding charms were blown, Death marked the blossom for his own.

Thousands there are among mankind Less fair of form, less pure of mind;—
Thousands there are whose ev'ry day Is past in thoughtlessness away,
Who never gave to others grief,
The tear of Pity's sweet relief;
Who never knew the thrill of joy,
A generous action can supply;
Why has Consumption singled you,
And left the many for the few?
Ah, why? indeed,—but oh! to ask is vain,
For Death will triumph ere you ask again.
Feb. 13, 1832.
L'Espoir.

I. O. N.

Love Poem of Six Hundred and Twenty Lines, ending in I. O. N.—continued.

LAWYERS. Lawyers, by their elucubration, A new found term for lucubration, Are expert masters of narration, They know the nature of novation, Well understand prejudication, And never yet forgot namation! They plead for naturalization, Decide oft by perambulation, And sometimes by negotiation, Destin'd thereto by nomination, Appriz'd on't by notification, Are sent about pacification, Consulted about limitation, Of foes make friends by annumeration, Perhaps cashier'd by avocation.

They know what means incameration, And are well skill'd in supputation; Are excellent at replication, And some few at recommendation, But none e'er fail at retractation. Oft branded for falsification, Nor always free from obtrectation. Yet they grow rich by procuration, And also by representation. They triumph with testification, Often employ'd 'bout collocation, Lastly, they live by ablocation, Tho' seldom use much punctuation.

CHYMISTS.

Now let us turn to occultation, The chymists proper occupation, Who from peculiar ostentation, Presume by profound penetration, Alone to know amalgamation, With all the lore of transutation, Sometimes we hear of fermentation, And then anon of percolation, Something related to filtration. They next arise to fluctuation, But very seldom to fixation: For all their boasted machination, After a course of constipation, Too often ends in fumigation. Yet sometimes by precipitation, But oft'ner by evaporation, They boast much of a transformation, Which they perform by sublimation, Or else by pure subtilization, If not by swift reverberation: And sometimes too by maturation, But this oft proves an aberration, Yet may turn to alkalization.

Then straight out comes their calcination,
Something much like to candization.
Oft times they work too by ceration,
Great part whereof proves cineration,
Too near related to limitation,
Which is a sort of trituration,
Not much unlike pulverization.
Now comes their circumaggeration,
And with it circumambulation,

Scarce diff'rent from circumrotation.
We may'nt forget clarification,
Neither o'erlook coagulation,
And least of all their condensation,
The same, or near to congelation.

Extremely like circumgyration,

What think you of conglutination, Or what they term consolidation? In my opinion dupuration, Contributes to chrystalization, A branch of their decrepitation, Subject sometimes to deflagration, Especially in distillation, (If not prevented by lutation,) Which sends forth a strong exhalation, And much promotes exhileration. Then they can both perform liquation, And with like ease petrification, As also work by granulation, But best of all by incartation. Here may you sometimes see rotation, Not seldom too retrogradation. Whilst all these things will on probation, Have these adepts ratification, Tho' to conclude, meer vaporation, Caus'd by a frequent ventilation.

STATESMEN.

But e'er I come to peroration, Let's view the statesmen's alternation, Much do they talk of abdication, To which they've added abjuration, Hating to think of restoration, Because they dread retaliation. They still remember confiscation, And never yet forgot taxation! Some set up for patrocination, But are possess'd with undulatian, And may elsewhere with ululation. Some wish for a new coronation, Otherwise call'd inauguration. Many delight in installation, And more no doubt in mancipation. Great numbers in abliguration, But no one in co-ordination. Tho' highly pleas'd with deauration. Some, once design'd assassination, Some still rejoice at decollation. Past senates had their sequestration, The present oft has prorogation, And once was near perpetuation. They oftentimes by degradation, Cause that great ill depauperation, And sometimes ev'n exauguration! They punish oft by obligation, But seldom by their ministration Give heavy taxes mitigation! But rather bring on capitation! Nay, by their pow'rful assignation, For ever rivet u-p-n.

Oft they proceed by arbitration, To thin our ranks by transmigration, Which is much like to commigration. And both no moie than a migration, All near of kin to transportation. Sometimes they force to compurogation, And can dissolve a corporation, Forcing them to deambulation. The pow'r they have of dejugation, By which is meant emancipation. So have thep too of delegation, Which is a sort of deputation, Having from them its derivation. We stoop to their dijudication, Suffer by their discommendation, Which causeth oft much pertubation, And oft'ner ends in lamentation. They warn us oft by publication, Sometimes proceed by objurgation, But seldom spare by prolongation, Speeding our fate by proclamation, Nor deign to hear of retardation. Yet they consent to stipulation. And much too oft to subrogation, Which they bring to a termination, Without the least tergiversation.

PRINCES.

Most princes covet domination,
Although oftimes of short duration;
Nor stick to gain it by invasion,
Or that damn'd thing call'd alienation.
They conquer oft by depredation,
Staining their fame of devastation,
As also by wrong deportation.
Cities they gain by commutation,
Not seldom by capitulation,
Punishing oft by decimation.

SOLDIERS.

Soldiers have their circumvallation, And ne'er forget contravallation; They understand fortification, Should be expert at jaculation; Might be the cause of gratulation, They wheedle by deosculation, Then straight proceed to denudation. An oft of their damn'd perpetration, Beyond their monarch's refranation, Tho' subject by subordination.

MERCHANTS.

The merchant thrives by navigation Improves oft by participation, May sometimes lose by exportation, So may be too by importation, But never can by permutation.

SAILORS.

Sailors delight in embarkation, Forc'd sometimes to re-imbarkation. (Last part in our next.)

Random Readings.

French Drama.—In the review of De Vigny's Maréchale d'Ancre, and Victor Hugo's Marion Delorme, in The Foreign Quarterly, we find the following judicious remarks:—

"The drama in France, as well as in our own country, seems at present rather at a discount; nor is this to be wondered at, for independently of the fact that for some time past nothing very brilliant or striking in that department has appeared, the real drama of life, which has been exhibited there for the last twelve months, so far exceeds in variety and intensity of interest any thing which the mimic representations of the stage could offer; its scenes have been so much more striking, its changes so much more unexpected, and its denouement is yet so impenetrable, that reality seems suddenly to have assumed the romance and mystery of the stage, and the stage itself to have become the last representation of the sobriety and even tenor which used to be the attributes of common life.

"The dramatic talent of the day, such as it is, our readers are probably aware, has latterly taken the direction of illustrating the early history of France. The modern dramatists are busily employed in exploring a mine which in this country is pretty well worked out; endeavouring to do for their country what Shakspeare has done for the civil wars of England, and Scott for the times of chivalry, though in a spirit abundantly different from either of their prototypes. Shakspeare conversant with every form of life, and, therefore, tolerant of all opinions, has no theory to favour, no peculiar views of society and polity to enforce or assail. Good and evil, virtue and vice, happiness and misery, are to him alike necessary fragments of one great picture; in the darkest scenes of bloodshed and strife through which he moves, he sees some gleam of humanity enlightening the gloom; in the sunniest spots of life some lurking and melancholy shadow; while even amidst the tempest and whirlwind of warring passions, there are pauses in which ever and anon are

heard the still small whispers of serenity and peace. This neutrality of mind in Shakspeare, which enables him, like the universalsun, to look placidly on all things, was favoured by the character of the period in which he lived. Those were the days of action, not of thought. The great questions which have since divided and are now agitating the world slept unheard of in the womb of time. Opinions had not assumed consistency or form, far less arrayed themselves in hostile opposition to each other. The strong prejudices and clashing opinions of later centuries had not taught men to view the past through a distorting or a partial medium, or to seek in the fictitious representations of former days a vehicle by which their opinions on questions of government or morals might be insinuated, or the prevailing views and passions of the day flattered or confirmed.

"These days of indifference, however, are gone by. The great questions which were unheard of in the sixteenth century have since been proposed and discussed with vehemence by divided senates and contending armies. The clash of opinions still echoes about us, nor can the man of the nineteenth century shut his ears to the contest were he so inclined; birth and situation, education and habit, his feelings or his interests, range him unconsciouly on the side of one or other of the disputants; and once enlisted, all things, however remote, take a colouring from those prevailing opinions with which the present security or future happiness of mankind appear to him to be identified. Our great novelist views the past with a kindly feeling, because a reverence for antiquity in all things is one of those principles which he carries into the actual business and duties of life. Inclined by feeling and education to a political quietism, he is distrustful of change, he attaches himself with a fond veneration to the ancient landmarks. To his mind

'There is a consecrating power in time, And what is grey with years to him is godlike.'

"Thus he spreads a glow over all his pictures of former days, brings forward into sunshine the splendours of the tilt-yard and the banquet, while he hides 'the loop-hole grates where captives weep:' and dilates with complacency on individual instances of the bravery, courtesy, loyalty, and constant service of the antique world, while he passes lightly over its too general selfishness, misery, and crime.

"The very opposite view, and one at least as exaggerated, is taken, as might be expected, by the modern dramatists of France, who, while they have borrowed from Sir Walter the hint of dressing up for modern purposes their ancient annals, have treated him much in the same way as Caliban does Prospero after he has be-

stowed on him the gift of language; they turn his materials against himself, and use them only to degrade that state of; society which he has painted in colours so seductive. These works might indeed be termed, with some justice, an Anthology from the History of Crime in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries; or Dramatic Illustrations of the Four Pleas of the Crown under the Monarchs of the Houses of Valois and Bourbon. In their delineations, traced with an unshrinking hand, feudal oppression, feudal cruelty, treachery, rapacity, discord, selfishness, brutality, weary the attention and oppress the heart. We seem to wander along the endless passages of some edifice of other times, where the walls echo nothing but groans, and we feel even in the darkness that the floor is slippery with blood. The chivalrous enthusiasm of Francis, the feats of Bayard and du Guesclin, the brave heart and open hand of Henri Quatre are out of date. 'They are not,' as Orlando says, 'for the fashion of these times,' but in their stead we have the assassination of the Guises, of their royal murderer Henry III. and of D'Ancre; the firce scenes of the Barricades, since renewed with a more eventful issue; the horrors of St. Bartholomew; the butcheries of the Jacquerie; the plots and poisonings, the ferocious duels, the profligacy and rudeness and insecurity of private life; every where battle, murder, and sudden death. The great novelist sees in the feudal times only a splendid arena where honour, accoutred as a knight, in arms of proof, walks side by side with religion in hermit garb, 'and that unblemished form of chastity' which the gentle fancy of Spenser has shadowed out in Una with her milk-white lamb. The modern chroniclers of France. on the contrary, perceive in them nothing but a wide field over which vice roams unchecked, supported on the one side by treacherous cunning, and on the other by the iron hand of power; while religion, satisfied with an external homage, shuts her eyes and follows in her train, and honour wastes on idle gallantries and airy trifles those efforts which might have been directed to the purposes of utility and virtue."

An Irish General.—"Teague O'Regan, the governor of Charlemont, was a brave old veteran, in the seventieth year of his age. He was a quaint humorist; his figure seemed moulded by nature in one of her most whimsical moods; and it was his pleasure to render it still more ridiculous by his dress. He was small and hunch-backed; his features sharp; his gait irregular. He wore a grizzly wig, of formidable dimensions; a white hat, with an immense feather, a scarlet coat, huge jack-boots, and a cloak that might have served a giant. He was fond of riding;

and the horse which he selected was scarcely to be matched for viciousness and deformity. Schomberg, who was himself a little eccentric, took an amazing fancy to the character of Teague O'Regan, and offered the garrison the most favourable conditions. O'Regan's answer was characteristic; he simply replied, 'That old knave Schomberg shall not have this castle!' A detachment of five hundred men brought O'Regan a very insufficient supply of ammunition and provision, which he feared that they would soon consume if admitted into the garrison; and he therefore directed them to force their way back through the English lines. This they attempted, but were repulsed with loss; and as O'Regan would not admit them into the castle, they were forced to take up their quarters on the counterscarp. The consequences may easily be foreseen; provisions were soon exhausted, and the garrison compelled to capitulate. Schomberg granted the best terms, and, when he met the governor, invited him to dinner. During the repast, an Irish priest of the town entered into an argument with an English dragoon on the difficult subject of 'transubstantiation.' From words the disputants soon came to blows; and a messenger was sent to inform O'Regan of the breach of the capitulation, by the ill treatment of the priest. O'Regan heard the story with great gravity, and coolly replied; 'Served him right; what the deuce business had a priest to begin an argument with a dragoon?'—a jest which had the happy effect of restoring all parties to good humour."-Taylor's Civil Wars of Ireland.

Irish Patriots.—" The first cause of dispute between the leaders of the Irish patriots, was with respect to securing the newly-acquired independence of their legislature. Mr. Flood, and a small but active party, asserted, that the simple repeal of the declaratory acts asserting the supremacy of the British Parliament, was insufficient, because the claim of right was not expressly conceded. On the other hand, Mr. Grattan, with an overwhelming majority, contended that, under all the circumstances of the case, the simple repeal was a virtual renunciation of all British legislative and judicial authority over Ireland. The point at issue was, practically, of little moment; but the vigour and virulence with which it was contested raised it into importance. The sarcasms interchanged between the leaders were unequalled in the annals of vituperative eloquence. Flood described his opponent as 'the mendicant patriot who was bought by his country for money, and then sold that country for prompt payment." Grattan described his antagonist as 'an ominous bird of prey with cadaverous aspect, sepulchral notes, and broken beak, meditating to pounce upon his quarry.' He divided his political life into

three periods, and said, that 'in the first he was intemperate; in the second corrupt; in the last seditious: 'and, after a bitter exposure of the whole course of Flood's public career, concluded thus: 'Such has been your conduct, and, at such conduct, every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim. The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you, and I now say to you, and say to your beard, sir! you are not an honest man! "—Ditto.

An Irish Mob Riot.—" The fear of a union was a more justifiable cause of tumult, because it was manifest that the removal of the Parliament would greatly injure the trade of the Dublin shopkeepers. The proceedings of the mob were very characteristic of the humour which distinguishes the Irish. They forced their way into the House of Lords, seated an old woman on the throne, and got up a mock debate on the expediency of introducing pipes and tobacco. They forced the members of both houses whom they met, to swear that they would never consent to a union, nor give a vote against the interests of Ireland. They compelled the chief justice of the King's Bench to administer this oath to the attorney-general, and laughed heartily at the circumstance of having the first law-officer of the crown duly sworn by one of the king's judges.' -Ditto,

MENDŒ DIVERSŒ,—No. I. Noted by Peter Punctilio.

" I confess it is my nature's plague To spy into abuses."

[Under the above title a correspondent favours us with the following miscellaneous remarks upon passing facts and features in the literary world; promising to continue them from time to time, as opportunity offers. What we insert from correspondents, we insert as we receive, throwing all the responsibility of minor peccadillos or inaccuracies (should such occur) upon their own anonymous shoulders.—Ed.]

—Captain Medwin, in *The Literary Gazette* * for Feb. 4, wishes to prove Lord

* It is somewhat worthy of remark, that this long essay, by Captain Medwin, about which The Gazette makes such a parade, had been offered for insertion in its humble "twopenny contemporary," The Guardian, but rejected as not calculated to conduce to the credit or advantage of our literary polity. In this instance, at least, "the child has been father to the man."—Our worthy contemporary is welcome to all our "rejected addresses," which are very numerous, and may henceforward have the picking of them before they are consigned to the fair but merciless hands in the regions below!— ED. Lit. Guar.

Byron a plagiarist. Of Don Juan he asserts "the shoe incident" to be taken from Ricamati, the Shipwreck from the Diavelessa, and the description of Michael in the "Vision of Judgment," from the "Caso di Coscienza;" "as," says he, " may be seen from the free and hasty translations below." Very well, voyons .-" In the Vision of Judgment, stanza 28," says he next; and proceeds to quote a stanza not in the poem at all! But if, in spite of thus introducing it, he means it for his translation from the Casa, any one may convince themselves how well he convicts his lordship of plagiary by perusing this precious stanza, which, without burdening your columns with it, I hereby affirm, has no line, half-line, or idea in common with any part of the Vision! He next says, "In the Diavelessa we have"—and we have accordingly five stanzas more, descriptive of a shipwreck, as much like anything in Juan as the above to anything in the Vision. There is, however, a splendid point which I must not omit. To prove that Byron copied from the Casa, he thus translates from the latter:-

"Struck by the spars, went down with gurgling sound;"

and subjoins in a note "went down in short—Byron," proving, as he thinks, the force of what he advances by thus pouncing upon one expression of two words out of forty lines, which words Byron never saw so translated; but in reality weakening his argument by seizing on and blazoning one individual and paltry instance, where he insists that the copying is general. But the cream of the joke is yet to come; the simple fact which knocks him flatter than flat! If by quoting the words "went down" he does not prove his point at all, may I not be suffered to use the expression—that he proves it still less than not at all, when I remind you that Byron does NOT say "went down," but "sunk in short." Is not this capital? Then follow, first a stanza and a half, and then two more, all as wholly from the purpose as their predecessors. Four stanzas and a half from Ricamati conclude this precious evidence, meant, I presume, to prove the "shoe incident" stolen, though I need scarcely add, containing not a shadow of a reference to a shoe, or anything else in Don Juan. What think you of these two lines by our translator:

"Divers other tools and instruments that were

"The property once of the ship's carpenter (!!!)

Ricamati is first called *Calgoni*, and then *Calzoni*. We may judge of the fidelity of the translation by the following circumstance. The word *split* occurring in one of his lines, and in a passage where no other word could have conveyed the meaning, he exultingly gives us the fol-

lowing note of one word, "spezzo." Is not this capital too?

—A bookseller's advertisement is now announcing that "This day is published the new dramas of Catherine of Cleves, and Hernani."

— The Times, speaking of Braham in The Haunted Tower says, "He was much applauded in his first song 'Though time has from your lordship's face;" this was not his first but his third song.

—The Morning Post, talking of interpolated operas, says, "With the examples of Cenerentola and Figaro fresh in our memories;" meaning, instead of the latter, Il Barbiere di Siviglia.

—Another paper mentioned Phillips's song of "The Sea" as being sung at the oratorio for the first time;—he has sung it everywhere for nearly a year.

—The Diamond Magazine puts forth as new the following epigram:—

Cries Sam "I'm robb'd;" quoth John, "I share your grief."

"My poem's gone in manuscript." "I pity now the thief."

I have scarcely met with a jest-book that did not contain this same epigram, though never so badly versified as here.

—In a Sonnet in *The Monthly Magazine* for February the second line is an Alexandrine!

—The same Magazine observes that the anti-mustachio decree will extensively employ the poor Birmingham cutlers. What a clumsy joke: it will not involve the sale of one razor extra.

—It observes, moreover, that Sir Charles Wetherell is "very tenacious of burning his fingers." What can this mean? there is no such expression in our language.

—It tells us too, that *Lockart* was at the Hogg dinner. Who is he? Do they mean Lockhart?

— The Athenaum of Feb. 4 talks of the Devil's Brother instead of the Devil's Son, and says that The Man in the Iron Mask was acted at the Cobourg on King Charles's martyrdom. This is I suppose a misprint for Adelaide of Wulfingen!

—Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, speaking of English balls in India, says, she has often been asked, "Why do the people fatigue themselves so who can so well afford to hire dancers for their amusement." This joke is old even unto antiquity, and has been given at different times to English and French wits, to Indian nobles, the Persian ambassador, the court of China, a tribe or two of Indians, &c. &c. &c.

—A certain scurrilous Sunday paper, last week, took the trouble of comparing the singing of De Winter with that of his great "predecessor" Lablache! Shrewd critic!—comparisons such as these would indeed be not "oderous," but "onerous." Lablache, most people knew to be a bass singer, while all who have heard De Winter consider him to be a tenor!

FATIMA'S ADVENTURES.

(From Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's Recol-

lections.) "FATIMA was the daughter of Sheikh Mahumud, an Arab, chief of a tribe, dwelling in the neighbourhood of Yumen, who was a wealthy man, and much esteemed among his people. His wife died when Fatima, their only child, was but six years, and two years after her father was also taken from this world, leaving his whole estate and possessions to his daughter, and both to the guardianship of his own brother, Sheikh ----, who was tenderly attached to the little girl, and from whom she received the fostering care of parental solicitude. The uncle was married to a lady of no very amiable temper, who seized every opportunity of rendering the orphan daughter of his brother as comfortless as possible; but her uncle's affection never slackened for an instant; and this consoled her whenever she had trials of a domestic nature to distress her meek spirit. When Fatima had reached her sixteenth year, an eligible match being provided by her uncle, it was intended to be immediately solemnized; for which purpose her uncle went over to Yumen to make preparations for the nuptials, where he expected to be detained a few days; leaving with his niece the keys of all his treasures, whether of money or jewels. On the very day of his departure from home, a brother of his wife's arrived at the mansion, and required, in Fatima's presence, a loan of five hundred pieces of silver. This could only be obtained by Fatima's consent, who firmly declared her resolution not to betray the trust her uncle had reposed in her. The wife was severe in her censures on her husband's parsimony, as she termed his prudence; and reviled Fatima for being the favoured person in charge of his property. This woman, in her rage against the unoffending girl, struck her several times with violence. Situated as their residence was, apart from a single neighbour, she feared to stay during her uncle's absence, and left the house, not knowing exactly where to seek a temporary shelter; but recollecting a distant relation of her mother's resided at Bytool Faakere, no great distance off, she left her home without further reflection, attended by a single servant. When within a mile of her destined place of refuge, she was observed by a party of the Bedouin robbers, who descended the hill to arrest her progress, by whom she was conveyed to their retreat, almost in a state of insensibility, from terror and dismay. Arriving at their hut, however, she was cheered by the sight of females, one of whom particularly struck her as being very superior to her companions, and in whose countenance benevolence and pity seemed to indicate a sympathizing friend in this hour of severe trial. The

women were desired to relieve the prisoner Fatima of her valuables, which were, in accordance with her station, very costly, both in pearls and gold ornaments. Fatima overheard, during the night, some disputes between the robbers about the disposal of her person, one of whom was single, and declared his willingness to marry the girl, and so retain her with them; but Fatima had, when she was seized, recognized his countenance, having seen him before, and knew that his connexions lived in the town of Bytool Faakere, which she had unguardedly declared. The robbers, therefore, dreaded detection if her life were spared; they were not by nature sanguinary, but in this case there seemed no medium between their apprehension and the death of Fatima. The female, however, who had at first sight appeared so amiable and friendly, fulfilled the poor girl's impressions, by strenuously exerting her influence, and eventually prevailed in saving the orphan Fatima from the premeditated sacrifice of life; and as no better arrangement could be made to secure the robbers from detection, it was at length agreed that she should be sold to slavery. This decided on, the swiftest camel in their possession was prepared at an early hour, a few short minutes being allowed to Fatima to pour out her gratitude to God, and express her acknowledgments to her humane benefactress, when she was mounted on the camel's back with the husband of that kind-hearted female.

"With the prospect of continued life, poor Fatima ceased to feel acute agony, and bore the fatigue of a whole day's swift riding without a murmur, for the Bedouin's behaviour was marked with re-Towards the evening, as they drew near to a large town, the Bedouin halted by the margin of a forest, and the long night was passed in profound silence, with no other shelter than that which the forest afforded; and at the earliest dawn the march was again resumed, nor did he slacken his speed until they were in sight of Mocha, where he designed to dispose of his victim. She was there sold to a regular slave-merchant, who was willing to pay the price demanded when he saw the beautiful face and figure of the poor girl, expecting to make a handsome profit by the bargain. The Bedouin made his respectful obeisance, and departed in haste, leaving poor Fatima in almost a state of stupor from fatigue. Left, however, to herself in the slave-merchant's house, she seemed to revive, and again to reflect on the past, present, and future. Her escape from death called forth grateful feelings, and she felt so far secure that the wretch who had bought her had an in erest in her life, therefore she had no further fear of assassination. But then she reverted to her bonds; painful indeed were the reflections that she, who had

been nobly born, and nursed in the lap of luxury, should find herself a slave, and not one friendly voice to sooth her in her bondage. She resolved, however, (knowing the privilege of her country's law,) to select for herself her future proprietor. Her resolution was soon put to the test; she was summoned to appear before a fisherman, who had caught a glimpse of her fine figure as she entered Mocha, and who desired to purchase her to head his house. The poor girl summoned all her courage to meet this degrading offer with dignity. A handsome sum was offered by the fisherman, as she appeared before him to reject the proposal,—'Here is your new master, young lady,' said the slavemerchant; 'behave well, and he will marry you.' Fatima looked up with all her native pride upon her brow; 'He shall never be my master,' she replied, with so much firmness, that (astonished as they were) convinced the bargainers that Fatima was in earnest.—The merchant inquired her objection, as she had betrayed no unwillingness to be sold to She answered firmly, while the starting tear was in her eye, 'My objection to that man is our inequality. I am of noble birth. My willingness to become your slave was to free me from the hands of those who first premeditated my murder; and sooner than my liberty should be sold to a creature I must detest, this dagger—(as she drew one from her vest) shall free me from this world's vexations. —This threat settled the argument, for the slave-merchant calculated on the loss of three hundred dinars he had paid to the Bedouin; and Fatima, aware of this, without actually intending any violence to herself, felt justified in deterring the slave-merchant from further importunities. Several suitors came to see, with a view to purchase the beautiful Arab of noble birth, but having acted so decidedly in the first instance, the merchant felt himself obliged to permit her to refuse at will, and she rejected all who had made their proposal.

" Meer Hadjee Shah, in the fulfilment of his promise to his wife at parting, to take home a slave for her attendant, happening at that time to be passing through Mocha, inquired for a slave-merchant: he was conducted to the house where Fatima was still a prisoner, with many other less noble, but equally unhappy females. Fatima raised her eyes as he entered the hall; she fancied, by his benevolent countenance, that his heart must be kind; she cast a second glance, and thought such a man would surely feel for her sufferings, and be a good master. His eye had met her's, which was instantly withdrawn with unaffected modesty; something prepossessed him that the poor girl was unhappy, and his first idea was pity, the second her liberation from slavery, and, if possible,

with the slave-merchant, Meer Hadjee Shah inquired the price he would take for Fatima .- 'Six hundred pieces of silver,' was the reply.—'I am not rich enough,' answered the pilgrim; 'salaam, I must look for one elsewhere,'-and he was moving on .- 'Stay,' said the merchant, 'I am anxious to get that girl off my hands, for she is a stubborn subject, over whom I have no control: I never like to buy these slaves of high birth, they always give me trouble. I paid three hundred dinars for her; now, if she will agree to have you for her master, (which I doubt she has so many scruples to overcome,) you shall add fifty to that sum, and I will be satisfied.'-They entered the hall a second time together, when the merchant addressed Fatima. 'This gentleman desires to purchase you; he is a Syaad of India, not rich, he says, but of a high family, as well as descendant of the Emauns.'- 'As you will,' was all the answer Fatima could make. The money was accordingly paid down, and the poor girl led away from her prison-house, by the first kind soul she had met since she quitted her benefactress in the Bedouin's retreat. Fatima's situation had excited a lively interest in the heart of Meer Hadjee Shah, even before he knew the history of those sufferings that had brought her into bondage, for he was benevolent, and thought she seemed unhappy; he wanted no stronger inducement than this to urge him to release her. Many a poor wretched slave had been liberated through his means in a similar way, whilst making his pilgrimage; and, in his own home, I have had opportunities of seeing his almost paternal kindness invariably exercised towards his slaves, some of whom he has, to my knowledge, set at liberty, both male and female, giving them the opportunity of settling, or leaving them to choose for themselves their place of future servitude. But to return to Fatima. On taking her to his lodgings, he tried to comfort her with all the solicitude of a father, and having assured her she was free, inquired where her family resided, that she might be forwarded to them. The poor girl could scarce believe the words she heard were reality, and not a dream; so much unlooked-for generosity and benevolence overpowered her with gratitude, whilst he addressed her as his daughter, and explained his motives for becoming her purchaser, adding, 'Our laws forbid us to make slaves of the offspring of Mussulmauns of either sex; although be it confessed with sorrow, unthinking men do often defy the law, in pursuance of their will; yet I would not sell my hopes of heaven for all that earth could give. I again repeat, you are free. I am not rich, but the half of my remaining funds set apart to take me to my home in India, shall be restoration to her friends. When alone | devoted to your service, and without delay

I will arrange for your return to Yumen, under safe convoy. Meer Hadjee Shah would willingly have conveyed the poor girl to her uncle's residence near Yumen, had it been possible; but his arrangements were made to sail by an Arab ship for Bombay, which, if many days postponed, would detain him another year from India; where his return was expected by his wife and family; and he was not willing to give them cause for uneasiness by any further delay. He, however, went out to make inquiries at Mocha for some safe means of getting Fatima conveyed to her uncle. In the mean time she revolved in her mind the several circumstances attending her actual situation in the world, and before the next morning had well dawned, she had resolved on urging her kind protector to take her with him to India, before whom she appeared with a more tranquil countenance than he had yet witnessed. When they were seated, he said, 'Well, Fatima, I propose to devote this day to the arrangements necessary for your comfort on your journey home; and, to-morrow morning, the kaarawaun sets out for Yumen, where I heartily pray you may be conducted in safety, and meet your uncle in joy. Have no fears for your journey, put your entire trust in God, and never forget that your safety and liberation were wrought out by his goodness alone.'-'Revered sir,' she replied, 'I have weighed well the advantages I should derive by being always near to you, against the prospects of my home and wealth in Arabia, which I am resolved to relinquish if you will accede to my proposal. Let me then continue to be your slave, or your servant, if that term is more agreeable to my kind master. Slavery with a holy master is preferable to freedom with wealth and impiety. You must have servants. I will be the humblest and not the least faithful in my devoted services.' The pious man was surprised beyond measure, he attempted to dissuade her, and referred to his wife and children in India. 'Oh! take me to them!' she cried with energy; 'I will be to them all they or you can desire.' This arrangement of Fatima's was rather perplexing to him; her tears and entreaties, however, prevailed, and he quieted her agitation, by agreeing to take her to India with him.

"After maturely weighing all the circumstances of the voyage by sea, and the long journey by land from Bombay to Lucknow, he came to the determination of giving Fatima a legal claim to his protection, and thereby a security also from slanderous imputations either against her or himself, by marrying her before they embarked at Mocha: and on their arrival at Lucknow, Fatima was presented to his first wife, as worthy of her sympathy and kindness, by whom she was cherished as

a dear sister. The whole family was sincerely attached to the amiable lady during the many years she lived with them in Hindostan. Her days were passed in piety and peace, leaving not an instance to call forth the regrets of Meer Hadjee Shah, that he had complied with her entreaties in giving her his permanent protection."

MUNDEN, THE LATE COMEDIAN.

Joseph Munden was born in the year 1758, in Brooke's Market, London, where his father kept a poulterer's shop. He for some time assisted in the business, but a love for the stage, and an opportunity of gratifying it, presented by the existence of an itinerant company near the metropolis, was decisive of his future career. He did not then, however, become a member of the profession, but first successively enacted, in a serious way, the parts of apprentice to an apothecary, clerk in an attorney's office, and copyist to a law-stationer. But he was not long before he entered, with an intention of remaining in it, the profession in which he was destined to attain eminence; and once in, we find him exposed to all the vicissitudes of a stroller's life, sometimes reduced to his last shilling, and anon in the enjoyment of all the prosperity which eighteen pence a-night can furnish. His habits, however, were always of the prudential kind; and after he once fairly emancipated himself from the inconveniences of poverty, he does not seem to have got entangled again; on the contrary, while still but a young man, we find him part proprietor in a theatrical concern at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. While a provincial actor, whatever may have been the bent of his talents, that of his inclination seems to have been the tragic; for we hear of his dissatisfaction with his success in Bardolph, and anxiety to win applause in the more heroic character of Hotspur! We shall not attempt to follow him very closely in his career; it differed not greatly from that of hundreds of other actors; but shall come at once to his engagement in London, which took place in the year 1790, just after the death of Edwin. He made his first appearance as Sir Francis Gripe in The Busy Body, and Jemmy Jumps in The Farmer. In both he was successful; and from that time to his retirement from the stage, (a short interval excepted,) he continued a member of one or other of the metropolitan theatres. In 1797 and 1798, he played at the Haymarket, but his summer vacations were chiefly filled up by engagements at the provincial theatres. In 1800 there was a dispute between the Covent Garden proprietors and the performers, respecting an addition made to the charge on benefits; and he was one of a committee of eight performers deleaffair was settled by a reference to the Lord Chamberlain, we believe in favour of the proprietors.

In 1813 he accepted an engagement at Drury Lane, where he made his first appearance as Sir Abel Handy, in Morton's comedy of Speed the Plough. Here he remained until the 31st of May, 1824, when he took his farewell of the public in the character of Sir Robert Bramble, in the Poor Gentleman.

The characteristics of Munden as an actor, are pretty well known to the present generation. For broad humour, irresistible power to produce laughter, and prolong it, when produced, by changes of visage ad libitum, he has rarely been equalled. That this occasionally betrayed him into excess of grimace, at variance with natural expression, is undeniable; but exerted as it generally was in farces or in comic characters, approaching the confines of farce, the tendency admitted, few were in a mood to quarrel with it. Undoubtedly his power of face afforded dangerous encouragement to some modern dramatists, who, confiding in that, were too ready to conclude that wit or humour in the author was superfluous. His representation of drunkenness was highly finished and natural, he never forgot, and became sober in the midst of it, as we have seen some do, but he let you see the liquor operating while he seemed to be struggling to keep down its effects. Witness his see-saw standing, as Mainmast, in The English Fleet, and his circumambulation round the stage, as Old Dozey, in Past Ten o'Clock. Among the characters in which he was particularly distinguished, we shall run over the names of a few: -Old Dornton, in The Road to Ruin, one of the few parts in which he showed that he could produce tears as well as laughter; Foresight, in Love for Love, a part he performed with great effect during his last engagement at Drury; Crack, in The Turnpike Gate; Sam Dubbs, an apothecary's man, in a farce of which we forget the name; and to mention but one more—Marrall, in A New Way to Pay Old Debts. This admirable comedian died on Monday, the 6th instant, and was privately buried at St. George's, Bloomsbury, on the Monday following.

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

tinued a member of one or other of the metropolitan theatres. In 1797 and 1798, he played at the Haymarket, but his summer vacations were chiefly filled up by engagements at the provincial theatres. In 1800 there was a dispute between the Covent Garden proprietors and the performers, respecting an addition made to the charge on benefits; and he was one of a committee of eight performers delegated to carry on the discussion. The

sion to regret the event. Of this, however, we shall know more to-night.

On Saturday evening, we met with a little paper, entitled "The Opera Glass," elegantly printed on pink paper, and giving us the play-bill, with descriptions of plots, and "Notes of an Amateur," &c. &c. which strikes us as a tasteful and convenient nightly companion. As it is "exclusively dedicated to the subscribers," &c. a few extracts from the "Amateur's" observations may not be unacceptable to

our more general readers :-

" An English audience, though staunch lovers of music, and encouragers of merit, have not the most versatile or active perceptions in the world. When they are really pleased, they go into raptures, and are overpowering with their applause. But it is for this very reason, and perhaps in the fear of committing themselves, that they show a very judicious caution in first confessing their satisfaction. It is true that their individual fancies may be tickled; that their individual musical souls may be carried away into a rapture -a very delirium of pleasure; yet, if their respective neighbours be not equally affected-nay, more, if they be not affected similarly, sympathetically, and synchronically,—the enthusiasm is suffered to die away in silent neglect, as 'a something' of which one ought to be ashamed. Sometimes, but rarely, there is a performance which takes them by surprise, and on which they venture to pass an opinion on first hearing; but, generally speaking, they are careful, and especially in the case of good music, slow in the expression of their delight, which, however, in the end takes a decided and substantial character. This is the cause of so very many productions which are now established favourites, being received coldly nay, even rather more unfavourably, on their first performance. And this is also observable in the performance of L' Esule di Roma, which being of a quiet and noncommanding, and non-bombastic character, was suffered to pass off with an equally quiet reception on the part of the audience, but has since, on each night of its repetition, been more and more warmly applauded.

"Whilst I take notice of this fact, let it not be supposed that I would throw any aspersion of disrespect upon the musical taste of our English amateurs; -on the contrary, I have too high an opinion of the soundness of their criticisms, than whose I could not name a finer school in all Europe ;-it is only their over-anxious modesty and caution in giving expression to their opinions, that I would reprehend. An English audience, and especially that at the King's Theatre, are in every way competent judges of music, even to the nicest shades of merit; -why, then, should they not issue their veto with the same confidence and decision as their more lively neighbours in every court, (musical and royal,) on the continent. Be it remembered that I make these observations with all humility and in the kindest spirit, and with no particular reference to any individual performance. Neither do I limit my remarks either to the expression of applause or censure; in both we should be prompt and paramount."

REVIEW.—1. The Sea-Maiden's Song. By G. F. Harris.

2. Bright Summertime. G. F. Harris. The first of these is a spirited performance, with a good bold bass, and some pleasing harmonies; it is stated to be " sung by Miss H. Cawse," in whose hands, we doubt not, it must prove effective. The second piece is of a very inferior merit, soft and unmeaning, though perhaps agreeable, when warbled by Miss Inverarity. The words of the former piece being rather good, we quote them here:—

" Leave, oh leave your coral caves, Sunset beams have left the river, Zephyrs fan the curling waves Whereon the dewy moonbeams quiver,

Arise, arise, the balmy skies Are weeping o'er our sparkling river.

"Come and hear the elfins sing, Their tiny forms above us glancing, And your dripping tresses wring, While the waves are round us dancing.

Arise, arise, the starry skies Are beaming o'er our sparkling river."

Brama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday .- The Bride of Ludgate; Charles the Twelfth ; the Falls of Clyde. Saturday -The Rent Day, the Quaker; Masa-

Monday .- Rob Roy; Harlequin and Little Thumb. Tuesday .- The Rent Day; La Femme Sentinelle; My Own Lover.

Wednesday. - Love in a Village; the Falls of

Thursday. - The Rent Day; The Self Tormentor, or Whims and Fancies; the Tale of Mystery.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday .- Catherine of Cleves; the Irish Tutor; Hop o' my Thumb. Saturday .- Artaxerxes; the Waterman; the Pan-

Monday .- Catherine of Cleves; Teddy the Tiler;

the Pantomime. Tuesday.—The Haunted Tower; the Pantomime.

Wednesday .- Cinderella; the Pantomime. Thursday .- The Haunted Tower; the Hundred Pound Note; the Pantomime.

Mr. Kenny's new farce, produced at Drury Lane, on Thursday evening, "having been successful," (to adopt the laconic eulogium of the play bill,) or, to speak more plainly, having met with but a very indifferent reception, was repeated on Friday, we conclude, for the last time. Whims and Fancies is a title which tells its own story, and when we mention that Farren is engaged in it, and almost constantly on the stage, we need say no more, -our hero already fidgets before us a revival of Second Sight, a melo-drama

in all the unhappiness and perplexity which form the usual staple commodity

of this gentleman's acting. For the rest we have to record "the first appearance of Mrs. Wood, after her late indisposition," (which circumstance is made of vast importance in the bills,) in the part of Rosetta; and "the first appearance of Mr. H. Johnston," after a ten year's absence from the stage, in the character of Donald, in Mr. Soane's Falls of the Clyde. He has a capital Scotch accent, which he is promised to display ere long in Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Sir Archy Macsarcasm, and other equally worthy scions of our northern brethren. Robert le Diabletravestied—is to be produced on Monday, at Drury Lane, and on Tuesday, at the rival house. There has been no little finessing between these two portly dramatic-dowagers; Drury Lane first advertising for Tuesday, and then, upon Covent Garden doing the same, anti-dating its appearance for Monday. Doubtless, Covent Garden will yet have a run for the prize, if prize it turn out.

MINORS.

ADELPHI.—Mathews and Yates have relieved the horrors of Robert the Devil by the production of an interlude under the title of Chalk Farm, or Pistols and Petticoats. It need hardly be observed, that it is a petty larceny from the French stage,—and it would have been no great subject for regret, if it had been left on its native boards. The plot is composed of the adventures of a pair of Government clerks, Reeve and Buckstone, in endeavouring to enjoy a day's pleasure at Chalk Farm! without their wives, Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Miss Daly. The ladies, lowever, follow in disguise, and the web of the piece is woven of their stratagems and the counter-stratagems of their spouses, until all ends in mutual recognition and forgiveness. The moral of this trifle is not very edifying; and this, we suppose, is the chief reason of the disapprobation with which it was received. It has, however, been thrust down the throat of the public every evening since its production.

NEW STRAND THEATRE. - The Four Sisters, or Woman's Worth and Wo.nan's Ways, is the title of a new imitative burletta brought out here on Monday last. Its sole design is to display to the best advantage the versatility of talent of Mrs. Waylett, and for this purpose the old expedient is resorted to ;—she captivates an exquisite lover, in four very different disguises, with a song to each. The purpose was answered, and Mrs. W. came off triumphant. Mr. Forrester supported the part of the lover with ease, and, perhaps, too much nonchalance. The piece is the production of Mr. Bernard.

The other novelty of the evening was

originally produced at the Surrey, shortly after the publication of Sir Walter Scott's tale of "The Two Drovers," on which it is founded. The story is eminently dramatic, and required but little trouble to fit it for the stage. On the present occasion it was reproduced chiefly to display Rayner in his original character of Harry Wakefield; it is well suited to his abilities, and completely within their sphere; he is quite the warm-hearted Englishman of the author. His protagonist, Robin Gig, does not find so good a representative. El Spat, the "auld wife," inspired by the Second Sight, was performed by a Mrs. Davenport, from Exeter, with some spirit and success. She will not, however, soon eclipse her gifted namesake, whose loss is still fresh in the memories of the admirers of sterling acting.

CITY THEATRE. - Miss Smithson has penetrated into the City, but the concern seems to have "fallen into the sere!" It is a bad plan to give the same performances all the week, almost without any change, and little better to attempt to palm off the "faint stars" of the Coburg, (we do not allude to Miss Smithson,) as "great creatures" in the city. Mr. Davidge's system wants a radical reform, as we dare say he begins to find. He has another strong attraction this week, in the person of Senor Valli, the Spanish Hercules, but after "Bagnigge Wells" has claimed him for its own, his name is no great tower of strength; neither is The Old Oak Chest so "superior" a novelty as the citizens were led to expect they should be treated with when the present proprietor commenced operations.

At the Coburg Miss Smithson continues to appear on the nights on which she does not act in Grub Street: a new melodrama has likewise been produced; but the greatest novelty about it is the title, which runs, 'in choice Italian,' Madra Vittoria Bracciano, - this custom of christening pieces with a foreign name is vile. Der Freischütz was the first offender, and its success has provoked imitation. The play-bills now cannot be understood, unless by a proficent in languages: we have Robert le Diable at one house—Der Vampyr (a little while ago) at another—and now Madra Vittoria, at a third.—Dutch, we suppose, will next take its turn.

Miscellanea.

Three elegant Puffs .- In a morning paper of Monday and Tuesday, we find the following:

"CHOLERA-Fear has been known to occasion the disorder dreaded .- A physician, who can offer the highest testimonials of ability and character, and who has paid vast attention, both at home and abroad, to the cholera, will VISIT FAMILIES once every day, at ten guineas per quar-

ter, to remove all predisposition, and to regulate the health, and to see provided those remedies which, if taken, fortify the mind. The advertiser keeping a horse and gig can attend all parts of the town. Apply, post paid," &c.

(This "physician" has no need of further testimonials as to "ability and character" than his own elegant effusion alone affords;—the keeping "a horse and gig" is of itself, according to the penny-aliners, sufficient to stamp him a "respectable individual!" Here is truly a liberal physician, who for ten guineas a quarter will call every day to see provided remedies which, if taken, "fortify the mind," as well as the chemist's pocket, to whose house the advertiser's letters are to be ad-

The Opera.—"The present season at the King's Theatre, is distinguished by two remarkable circumstances; namely, a new manager, who seems likely to do wonders, and a new novel called "The Opera," the appearance of which was coeval with the first night of opening of the house. In the novel the mystery is unfolded, (by one who speaks "out of his proof,") of the fashionable cabals which render the transactions of the theatre, almost equal in importance to the secret treaties of cabinets; and not a few of the manœuvres of prima donnas and danseuses, are exposed to the astonished eyes of the uninitiated. The opera-box conversations, detailed also in the pages of this work, are highly characteristic of certain parties.'

(The "Opera" did not appear on the day of opening at the King's Theatre, but a fortnight before it. To the next puff, the respectable authority of The Literary Gazette is affixed:)—

"The journal of a young man of fashion during a season in London, as inserted in the above-named popular novel, by the successful author of "Mothers and Daughters," has excited a great sensation in the circle, some of the hits therein being more palpable than convenient to bear. " Mothers and Daughters" was one of the very best novels of last season; but we think its successor evinces superior talent and of a different kind."—Lit. Gaz.

Robert le Diable is said to be preparing at all the patent and other minor theatres; but from all accounts, which are very numerous in the papers, it is not Meyerbeer's music that is to be murdered on the occasion. I have read no less than three paragraphs in a morning paper of yesterday, one of which informs us that, at Drury Lane, Phillips is "to play the Devil, Wood the Duke Robert," and that "Bedford's character is newly created." The opera, however, is to be "nearly a verbatim copy of the original," and "Miss Fanny Ayton has been engaged to give additional effect to the music! "-the infernal music, I suppose, is meant. Another it does not do to condemn without a hearing.

account informs us that "the whole of the celebrated music, by Meyerbeer, published in Paris," will be given, under the direction of Mr. Bishop! Now, every body knows, that only a few trifling songs of this "celebrated music" have been "published at Paris;" so this accounts for the fact in another report, that Mr. Bishop was "recomposing the whole of the score!" -At Covent Garden, poor Meyerbeer is being "versioned" under Mr. Lacey's hands, and here again he is to suffer the interpolation of "a part peculiarly whimsical, and, we are told, quite original," for "little Keeley!" - Opera Glass.

Opera Criticism .- The Athenaum of last week most ungallantly states that Madame de Meric is "a middle-aged French lady;" Madame de Meric, we should say, is not more than five-and-twenty at the utmost: besides, she is not French, but a German!

The same critic, after a dose of illiberal and ignorant carping at a host of minor particulars, makes a dead set at the orchestra, which he says contains "perhaps fifty;"-we understand it comprises between sixty and seventy performers. He also states, that "those best acquainted with the subject have often assured him that it will take two or three years for a band to attain perfect discipline," and from that kindly infers, that it will be about the time when Mr. Mason is retiring from the management that his orchestra will be in perfection. His instancing the Philharmonic orchestra " as a proof of the advantage of keeping the same band together," is rather unfortunate, the Opera band being entirely selected from the Philharmonic ranks, with one or two foreign additions!

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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Democritus, next week. Mr. Wright is perhaps right; -though many of our general readers would not think so. Besides,

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cial, is so perplexing and repulsive, that fear has mastered desire, and the study has been deferred till 'a more convenient season,' which, of course, never comes. A work like the present is the very thing for such persons. The introductory chapters in which the author's eye and heart speak, and in which the language flows in a stream forcible and copious enough to turn a mill-wheel, gives that sunny glance at grouped nature which the uninstructed eye can bear, and which the glowing heart can feel. The middle of the book brings us in medias res. It comprehends a view strictly popular in the best sense-a view which botanists will not despise, and those who are not botanists will understand-of the external circumstances, which make the vegetable creature proud and glorious, or miserable, shrunk, and poor. The structure of these manifestations of divine power is exhibited by an elaborate, scientific, and dexterous, but withal pleasing and intelligible, series of anatomical demonstrations, in which the substances, cellular and vascular, the action of the vessels, the structure of the pith, wood, bark, skin, roots, stem, branches, buds, leaves, flowers, and seeds, are concisely, clearly, and agreeably explained to the general reader. Life, germination, vegetation, functions, and motions of plants or their parts, and the rest of the physiological phenomena, are illustrated in the same spirit. Classification and nomenclature, with a gentle hit at the systematists, conclude this part of the work, and a paper, which in any light would be considered valuable, on the natural order of trees which bear cones—pines, firs, cypresses, and yews, including an application to particulars, of the general instructions given in the different parts of the book, and of the same amusing and agreeable character with the rest, makes a good end to the beginning and middle we have briefly described. The result is a whole which we can cordially recommend as a great improvement on these gay annuals, which bloom to die. This instructive and amusing work will drop seeds into the memory of the attentive reader, from which he must gather agreeable fruit, at times, perhaps, when the source from which it springs may be forgotten. A happy and hearty feeling of general benevolence, with a becoming gratitude to the divine author of nature, breathe in every page, and add something like the perfume of the flowers to the lively description of their form and characters."-Atlas.

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